THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

September 1801.

THE LATE MRS. GRIFFITH.

[With a Portrait.]

THIS Lady, whose literary talents a late poet has characterized by calling her

"A second Sappho, with a purer flame,"

was of Welch descent. Her maiden name was Griffith, and she married Richard Griffith, Esq. himself an author,* and of a very good family in Ireland.

She first distinguished herself as a literary character by the "Letters of Henry and Frances," which contained the genuine correspondence between her and her husband before their marriage, and for some years after. These manuscripts were published at the particular request of Margaret, late Countess of Cork, who was one of her friends and confidants in this connexion, which was at

* We believe, that, except his part in the "Letters of Henry and Frances," the only productions of his pen that were made public were, "The Gordian Knot," and "The Triumvirate."

first kept secret, on account of certain family reasons, as may be gathered from some of the Letters. This collection has passed through many editions; and has received the approbation of all readers of taste, morality, or refinement.

Her next publication was "The Memoirs of Ninon De l'Enclos," collected from different authors, digested and translated from the French, with her Letters to St. Evremond and the Marquis de Sevigné; which Mrs. Griffith interspersed with a good deal of ingenious original writing of her own, and illustrated with notes and comments. The Life of a female Libertine, and a Disquisition upon the Topic of Gallantry, of which this work consists, were hazardous subjects for a woman to treat of; but she conducted herself so admirably through this difficulty, that it afforded a just occasion for the following compliment, addressed to her upon that performance, by one of her admirers.

"Whilst Ninon's spirit kindles all Love's fire,
"Thy moral chastens every loose desire.
"Thy regulated passion, void of blame,
"Warms without scorching, like the vestal flame:
"I trembled for you, as I read along,
"But found your reason cool, your virtue strong;
"With such address the dangerous theme you treat,
"As must the Libertine's free hopes defeat;
"Thy wit th' Asbestos' property obtains,
"Which from the hottest fire a pureness gains;
"Like Emma's, too, thy chastity appears,
"Who rag'd unhurt amidst the burning shares."

Her next work was a dramatic poem, called "Amana," founded upon a fable told in the Adventurer, Numbers lxxii and lxxiii; which she improved by the addition of several characters, and enriched with style, moral, and sentiment.

To these succeeded three novels, published at different times; "The Delicate Distress," "History of Lady Barton," and "The Story of Lady Juliana Harley;" all which

which are highly esteemed. The fables are interesting, the incidents natural, the characters strongly marked and well distinguished, the language polite, and the sentiments instructive and refined.

In some of the intervals of these publications, this lady produced three comedies; "The Platonic Wife," acted at Drury Lane, "The Double Mistake," performed at Covent Garden, and "The School for Rakes," exhibited at Drury Lane; all received with great applause.

This lady wrote another comedy, called "A Wife in the Right," which failed the first night, principally through the means of Shuter, who had a considerable part in the play; and having just before given the public some offence, was called upon to make an apology and submission on his first entrance, which flurried and threw him into such confusion, that he quite lost all idea of the character he was to support; and forgetting also the words he was to speak, supplied these deficiencies with grimace and jargon all his own. This play has been since printed, and allowed by all its readers to possess merits sufficient to have insured its success.

But the last and most valuable of all this lady's works, is her "Morality of Shakespeare's Drama Illustrated," which reflects equal honour upon her author and herself. In the comments, observations, and reflections, that she has given us upon the several texts, the writer has manifested a thorough knowledge of the human heart, an elevation of sentiment, a refinement in ethics, with a devout sense of religion, and just notion of all the other duties of life.

We shall conclude our account of this lady, with regard both to her literary and moral character, with the following copy of verses, written to her upon the publication of the above work; and a more flattering or more honourable testimony cannot well be imagined, as we are credibly informed that the author of these lines was her husband:

TO MRS. GRIFFITH, ON HER "MORALITY OF SHAKESPEARE."

The various minds of critics long perplext
With expositions on great Shakespeare's text,
While learned Clerks* remit their past'ral care
To note his beauties, or his blots declare,
Regarding him but as a classic writer,
O'erpassing merits higher, richer, brighter;
Enamour'd of his ethics, Frances came,
And crown'd him with a nobler wreath of Fame;
Explor'd his moral, gave his precept praise,
And shew'd his heart superior to his lays.
So different geniusses their labours suit,
They cull the flowers, while you collect the fruit.
Proceed, chaste Scribe! pursue thy virtuous plan,
Whose every page reproves some vice of man;
Whose talents comprehend the largest scope,
Join taste to sense, and doctrine to a Trope.
Nay, further, add the example of thy life,
And prove the wit inferior to the wife.

Mrs. Griffith died on the 5th of January 1793, at Millicent, in the county of Kildare, Ireland, in which country, in the early part of her life, she had trod the stage with some degree of reputation. She also made an entrée at Covent Garden Theatre on the 10th of December 1753, as Clarinda, in The Suspicious Husband; and afterwards performed in a new tragedy called Philoclea; but how long she continued on the stage we cannot ascertain.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXXVIII.

INDEPENDENT of the merits of the following letter as a literary composition, I should ill acquit myself of the duty in which I am engaged, and prove unworthy of the partiality with which my labours have been treated, did I withhold it from my Fair Readers.

* Doctors Thirlby, Warburton, Dodd, &c.

While

While I sincerely sympathize with the unfortunate writer, I hope the history of her sufferings and the causes that produced them will not lose their effect on others. The most amiable pride which our sex can feel is the pride of mental superiority; yet even this is dangerous to indulge. Few are the instances in which literary acquirements, publicly displayed, have led to fortune or happiness in either sex; but many are the failures which might be indicated in regard to both, whether we contemplate the dead or the living.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

Dear Madam,

In a former paper, I recollect that, with equal wisdom and discernment, you recommended females to cultivate learning, and to pursue every elegant and liberal study, solely for the pleasure it would yield to themselves and their immediate relatives and connexions. You justly observed, that to institute claims to admiration by a vain display of literary acquirements, was more likely to excite envy than gain affection; and that a cautious suppression of feminine powers more frequently led to felicity than an idle contention for superiority, however justly it might be due.

Had my conduct been regulated by these prudential maxims, which I quote from memory; had I studied to render myself accomplished with no other view than that of private gratification, or the secret plaudits of those who would have loved me the better for intellectual stores, I should have escaped the rock on which my venturous bark has split; and, instead of struggling with the storm, at this moment been enjoying the calm sunshine of domestic repose.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, who married rather late in life, and was left a widower the very day I was born. Of my mother, therefore, I can say nothing, except that she universally had the character of being very amiable

from those who knew her; and so fondly did my father cherish her memory, that, from the time he lost her, I occupied all his attention. It was his pleasure to observe, as I grew up, that I bore a striking resemblance to her; and often did he say that it should be his pride also to make me worthy of such a parent, though she could not be sensible of my attainments.

Under a tutor who united consummate abilities with the strongest natural affection, and the warmest desire to see me accomplished, it must have argued a defect of understanding, or a want of diligence, had not my proficiency been in some measure correspondent with the pains that were bestowed upon me. I went through all those branches of learning which most of my sex acquire only superficially with attention and success. I acquired some others which are out of the common range of female studies. Greek and Latin were pretty familiar to me, and French and Italian as natural as my native language. Botany, music, and drawing, filled up those hours which were not devoted to deeper studies; and when it was not thought necessary that I should any longer take regular lessons, an extensive library furnished me with the means of improving my mind in every walk of literature. Of poetry I became enamoured to such a degree, that it sometimes elevated me beyond the mortal condition, and abstracted me from human concerns. Soaring on the borrowed wings of Genius, I looked down with contempt on the petty avocations of life, and spurned its most favourite pursuits.

Often when my aunt, who superintended the household concerns, wished to recal me to the humble but useful employments to which she devoted her attention, I was absorbed in a reverie of ideal consequence, and vexed at her unwelcome interruption. Indeed, the sense of decency alone restrained me from being rude, and telling her that I was not qualified for vulgar employments.

My

My father was at once remarkable for the easiness of his disposition, and an enthusiastic attachment to books. He did not like, therefore, to discourage a propensity which he had sedulously cultivated, nor to urge my blending the useful with the ornamental; though his better sense, no doubt, convinced him that it was more essential for a girl of fifteen to be acquainted with the proper management of a family than to be able to read Virgil and Homer. Sometimes he made excuses for me, and sometimes he slightly hinted at the necessity of my aunt's advice and recommendation; but, whenever he appeared to side with her, he never failed to remark that Laura (for that was my name), if she was capable, as he found she was, of acquiring superior accomplishments, would soon learn to sew, pickle, preserve, and make puddings.

Thus encouraged, I daily became more remiss in my attention to domestic affairs; and at the age of sixteen, when I lost my father, I was as ignorant of management as if I had been born a princess.

My sorrow on this melancholy occasion superseded all considerations for myself; and the mind being softened by the refinements of learning, instead of being fortified by the dictates of wisdom, I had well nigh sunk under the load of woe. Indeed, I had much to lament from the loss of such an affectionate parent, without taking into the reflection that I was left with the slender fortune of five hundred pounds, exclusive of the furniture and books. For a considerable period my studies were irksome, and I was sinking into melancholy, when my aunt prudently engaging the company of two sprightly girls about my own age, I was gradually restored to the enjoyment of life, and longed to have an opportunity of shewing my attainments on the theatre of the world. While my mind was under the weight of affliction, I was glad to embrace any alleviation; and sunk my fancied importance so far as to laugh at the silliest joke, and to be pleased with the most trifling pursuit that promised a temporary amusement.

But

But no sooner had my spirits recovered their natural pitch, and my pride of learning returned, than I disgusted my young friends by reflections on their ignorance, and by an ostentatious display of qualifications that they had never even heard named, in the former circle of their acquaintance.

From a love of poetry naturally flows a desire of imitation. I wrote verses, but had no opportunity of shewing them to persons whom I would deign to consider as judges. They were admired, it is true; but what signifies praise, when paid by those whose opinion we think of with contempt? I was ambitious that the public should know my powers. I forwarded copies of my poetical compositions to some of the most celebrated periodical publications, not forgetting to add my name and my age; and I had the pleasure to find that my correspondence was solicited, and the merits of my poetry confessed.

Those who have made the experiment, and those alone, will be able to guess with what rapture I saw myself in print, and read the animating acknowledgment which referred to me in the rank of correspondents. I had the vanity to shew my lines in every company, and to challenge praise, which I now swallowed with avidity, from every tongue. I attempted still greater performances, entered into a dispute which was carrying on in the journal to which I was a contributor, and had the satisfaction to see that the decision of the question which had been agitated was finally terminated in my favour. This was adding fuel to the flame; and my vain glory was raised to as high a pitch as if I had rivalled a Tully or Demosthenes, or found myself secure of immortal fame. I now extended my views to almost every subject in verse and prose; and thought myself capable of instructing and astonishing mankind. I began plays, planned epic poems, composed little novels; and, in short, my very head was turned with the distracted variety of my attentions, and the ambition I felt to shine in every thing connected with literature.

(To be continued.)

ON

ON MODERN FASHIONS.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I HAVE seen, with surprise, that even the liberal spirit with which your MUSEUM is conducted, has not hindered you from (inadvertently, I doubt not) inserting some of those unwise and ungenerous remarks which are so frequent in the mouths of the vulgar and narrow-minded, against the empire and the caprices of Fashion. Allow me, Sir, to convince you and your readers that those remarks are egregious and unjust.

What, Sir, is the object of Fashion in all the changes which she dictates? What, but to improve the modes of amusement, dress, furniture, &c. still nearer to that perfection in which they must subsist in the highest state of refinement and civility to which mankind shall attain; and to accommodate men's habits and manners to those vicissitudes of Nature, those varieties of condition, and that progress of knowledge and the arts, to whose influence life is ever unavoidably subject?

Only suppose that the same modes of dress, furniture, &c. were universally and invariably prevalent:---what a dull spiritless scene would society every where present! It is the oddity, and not the simple sameness of the quaker's dress, that makes it, when worn by a pretty woman, sometimes uncommonly interesting. Does not even inanimate Nature change the fashion of her robes, in the vicissitudes of her scenes, in the changes of day and night, in all the varieties of storms and fair weather, much oftener than even the most charming and fantastic female leader of fashion in the gayest circles of this metropolis?

What sprightliness of fancy does it imply, to be able to invent from day to day new and still more graceful combinations

binations of colours, stuffs, figures, &c. in the dress of a charming woman! The tasteful leader of fashion possesses more than the most admired of your poets, of that divine elasticity and vivacity of imagination which constitute the best perfection of human genius.

Besides, Sir, what a cruelty would it be to those light and sprightly creatures, the journeymen tailors, to confine them for life to work upon capes and skirts of one unalterable cut! Were it not for the incessant changes of fashion, the slight of cabbaging would become subject to too easy detection.

The journeymen shoemakers, you know, are, for the most part, poetically inclined. You may recollect the instances of Woodhouse and Bloomfield: and who is their muse?---whence their inspiration?---They are inspired by the divine occupation of preparing sandals for the Nymphs, the Graces, and the Loves. But if those Nymphs, Graces, and Loves, should wear nothing but one simple form of black leather shoes, with cork soles, all such inspiration would at once be at an end.

Nay, even the worst enemies of Fashion incessantly, though inconsistently, call for those changes which she prescribes. They never like the hat, the gown, the cut of the hair, the modes of amusement, at any one time prevalent. Fashion listens to their complaints, yields to their caprices, throws aside what they dislike. But still the splenetic sulky brutes are as much out of humour as before. When the ladies wore long slender waists, what an outcry was raised against them! They cased themselves in whalebone; and it was maliciously said, that the virtue must be very weak in itself which needed such a defence. Well, Sir, they ceased to contract the natural contour of their waists by any compression of dress:---what has been the consequence? This compliance of Nature has been ridiculed as of all things the most unnatural. Instead of trusting the defence of their virtues to the fortifications of dress, they now confide it to the conscious rectitude

rectitude and purity of their hearts: and it is malignantly said, that there can be no virtue in a female form which is not cased in whalebone! So absurdly inconsistent with themselves are the worst foes of

FASHION.

FELIX TO ALONZO.

[Continued from p. 106.]

LETTER VIII.

I RECEIVED your letter from Seville just before the day-light had quite disappeared: its contents were but ill suited to the melancholy hour in which I read them; for they aided its charms, and left me sad and comfortless. After sitting buried in deep thought for some time, I awoke from my reverie, and walked up to the opened window; it was twilight, and some heavy clouds moving from the east deepened the hour. Not a living object was visible; every thing was still, except a very faint air, which just moved the leaves of a chesnut-tree before the casement. The sun had been long set, and had left behind him but a few gray streaks, which gradually darkened into absolute night. The scene itself was saddening; my eyes swam, and the memory of my dead friend came over me. I thought of Cesario; I recalled him such as he was two years ago, young, animated, and blooming; I saw him again the delight and love of every circle. I beheld his cheek kindling with pleasure at the entrance of those he loved---his soft eyes fondly turning round at the sound of my voice. I thought then of the last day which we there spent all together in health and happiness, when we went into my uncle's orchard to fire at a mark. I heard his gay laugh, saw his sweet smile, his sportive step, his martial air, as he walked backwards and forwards to reload his pistol. His image then pressed upon my heart, such as I saw him when we parted for ever at Lisbon. Wasted by consumption,

tion, pale, formless, and melancholy; the smile of youth and joy displaced by the more touching ones of angel resignation. Oh! then, how fast fell my tears! I buried my face in my hands, and sunk upon a seat. The clouds which had been rising from the east now burst in rain over the whole country; I heard the heavy drops falling amongst the boughs of the chesnut; they might perhaps at this moment be beating upon the grave of Cesario. The thought crossed me like lightning: the electrified tears stood motionless in my eyes. I started from my seat in a frenzy of anguish, and rushed out of the house: buried in the depths of the forest, at length, I lost MYSELF.--- Oh! how am I ever to forget him!

EFFECT OF A COSMETIC.

A VERY curious occurrence lately took place at the baths of Baden in Austria. A lady, who was remarkable for the beauty of her complexion, repaired to the baths in an elegant *negligé*. She had hardly dipped her hands into the water before she perceived that they were become perfectly black. She was unable to account for this; but, determined not to expose herself to the laughter of her companions, she retired to a corner of the bath, and undressed herself, intending to wash off the blackness; when she got into the water, into which she immediately jumped up to her chin. On coming out of the water, she found her bosom, her neck, and part of her chin, metamorphosed into those of a negro's. This dreadful event occasioned the greatest consternation in her mind; and she called in the assistance of her friends; but it was many days before they could succeed perfectly in *washing the black-a-moor white*. The cause of the phenomenon is well known to all chemists to be in the property of the Baden waters, of blackening all metals; and the lady had been employing cosmetics, into the composition of which metallic substances had entered.

FREDRICA:

FREDRICA: A ROMANCE.

LETTER TO ANNA ULRICA WURMSUR.

[Continued from p. 93.]

A FEW days after this, the Baroness proposed a ride to the hut of the benevolent goatherd; I was to accompany her, and, as the weather was fine, our excursion was less fatiguing than might have been expected. As we rode, the Baroness said that she thought Fernando old enough now to have an attendant, and would prefer this rustic youth to any other. Francisco looked delighted to see us, and led us into the cottage, where a venerable gray-headed old man gave us a hearty welcome, and the best cheer his larder afforded: Madame expressed her desire of taking Francisco into her service; to which the old man readily assented; but Francisco coloured, hesitated, and appeared irresolute; at last he protested he would never leave his father while a spark of life remained to claim his care and attention. The tears of the old man fell upon the youth, while twined round his neck, as he spoke; and the Baroness was much affected by the scene.

"My good lad, I do not ask you to leave your father; there are many very comfortable cottages near the Castle: in one of them he may reside; you can see him daily, and all shall be as you wish."

This arrangement was agreed on, and took place soon. Fernando was much pleased with the manners of his new attendant, and the grateful youth felt no joy equal to serving a master so beloved; but Francisco laboured under a misfortune, for which all his friends felt the deepest regret. He had been from infancy subject to convulsive fits, and a slight mental derangement at times rendered the greatest attentions requisite. Fernando was naturally of a warm impetuous temper, and his control of himself towards Francisco gave me the highest respect for the goodness of his heart. This youth was the witness of all

our tenderness, and soon became the entire confident of his master's secrets, if the feelings of a pure affectionate heart may be justly termed such; feelings which, as strongest in youth, shun the observations of age; not as guilt would fly from truth, conscious of its demerit, but glowing with a noble emanation which it would extend to all capable of participating the generous warmth.

A circumstance soon occurred which gave a strange and new turn to my thoughts. About the time of the carnival, it was the custom of the Baron to give a splendid jubilee at the Castle, to which all the neighbouring gentry, or travellers of distinction, were admitted. The Baroness, wishing to divert me, requested me to be of the party; and, agreeable to her desire, I attended, but unmasked, and in my sable habit, which I would not be persuaded to resign. It was at this festival, Anna, we first found the strong friendship which will, I trust, continue for the remainder of our lives. In the course of the evening I found myself particularly followed by a mask in the habit of a falconer; his form was graceful and elegant, and his dark penetrating eyes followed me wherever I went: at length, finding an opportunity of speaking with me unobserved, he caught my gown, and cried, in a faltering tone——

"Stay, pretty flutterer: my search after thee has cost me some pains: you do not easily escape my lures this time."

"Ah!" said I smiling, "it is a poor silly thing, scarcely worth your trouble, gentle falconer: do not detain me." He still held me fast.

"A truce with trifling," returned he: "I wish to have some serious conversation with you. Is your heart really and truly devoted to Fernando?"

I thought this question impertinent, and told him so. He sighed.——

"I expected this; but forgive me, if I conjure you carefully to examine your heart. You are young, innocent, and ingenuous, and may easily be confounded betwixt friendship

ship and love: my intention is to serve you, however you may suspect me; and, to prove that I am of some importance, take this ring, and, if questioned concerning it, say you found it in the pavilion."

I put back the ring disdainfully: it was in the form of a heart, with a device in hair.

"How, Sir," said I; "tell a falsehood for a stranger!" He looked steadfastly at me.

"Beware, lady, how you expose me; slight motives would not have occasioned this conduct: you know not how deeply I am interested in your concerns. Consider me as your guardian genius; I will never harm you: but more lives than one depend upon your secrecy."

The solemnity of his manner awed me, and, taking the ring, I said.---"Does the Baroness know of this interference?"

He hesitated; then, drawing nearer, continued in a low voice---"To deceive you in any thing from this moment, would be to deviate from the plan of conduct I have promised. It was by her desire I questioned you, yet I have secrets of my own which would overwhelm her, if known. I am a mysterious being, and shall be often near you when you do not suspect it: but I must obtain your confidence. Depend on my fidelity and care."

Without waiting a reply, my Genius, as I must henceforth style him, mixed among the crowd, and soon after disappeared. My mind was considerably agitated, and I dared not ease it by revealing to any one what had passed. The Baroness watched me narrowly; I saw she looked attentively at the ring which I had placed on my finger, and I kept it from her as much as I could. At breakfast, the next morning, the Baron started, when he perceived my ring, and asked, in a hurried tone, if I had made a new purchase. The pavilion was a small Gothic edifice at the back of the building adjoining the wood, and superstition had annexed terrible reports to a spot now generally deserted; and when I mentioned having found it there, his counte-

nance changed to a deathlike paleness, and he turned over the papers in a manner that showed his mind was otherwise occupied. The first time I was alone with the Baroness, she interrogated me concerning it, and I found some difficulty in satisfying her, without revealing the truth; nor could I gather from her any particulars concerning a secret which she seemed well acquainted with. I own the reluctance I should have felt at deceiving her was in a great measure removed by the dissimulation I thought she practised towards me; and I felt an unquietness I was at a loss to account for. My reserve and apparent listlessness affected Fernando; he feared he had offended me, and redoubled his assiduities. I recollected the stranger's words: surely, thought I, I cannot be deceived as to the nature of my attachment to this young man: he loves me tenderly, unalterably, and my affection for him is pure and undivided. A mischief take this unknown!---why did he try to make me doubt my own heart? There must be some mystery attached to this ring and the pavilion: I will, if possible, discover it. I asked of Fernando what he knew concerning it; yet my heart reproached me for the deception I was obliged to practise, and my conscience told me that want of confidence was a breach of love. Fernando said, he had heard strange reports concerning it when a boy, and had often determined to examine the place, but had as often been diverted from it; and, since my residence in the Castle, his thoughts had been otherwise engaged.

"We will go this night, and try to make discoveries," said he, "if you have courage to accompany me; but as the place has been so long neglected, any search made publicly would but revive old rumours, and create suspicion. As twelve o'clock is the awful hour, suppose my servant takes a bottle of wine and some cakes for us to regale the ghosts with when they call upon us."

So much was my curiosity excited, that I thought little of passing the night with Fernando in the pavilion, for with him I thought myself safe any where; and all idea of impropriety

impropriety would be done away by the presence of Francisco, whom Fernando assured me might be safely trusted. Thus was our plan arranged and agreed upon, and even you, my lively friend, noticed the gravity of our looks in the evening: your charming society, however, dispelled the partial gloom, and Fernando listened to you with such visible pleasure, that I almost feared a rival. We told many little entertaining stories, mutually amusing, and at ten o'clock retired: about half an hour after, Fernando rapped at my door; I had sent Lisette to bed, and she was sleeping soundly. My clothes were still on, and I joined my lover in the corridor: we stole down stairs as softly as we could. Francisco had secreted the key of the small gate which led into the pleasure-ground, and waited there our coming: a cold trembling seized me, in despite of my resolution to brave every danger, and we proceeded, without uttering a word, to the pavilion. It needed much strength to open the door: all within was gloomy and still; the building was overgrown with ivy, and had formerly been used as a place of summer refreshment. The first terrific object that struck my sight, as Francisco elevated the lantern, was a large splash of blood on the wainscot, and I sunk terrified upon the shoulder of Fernando: he tried to rally my fears, by ascribing various causes for such a trivial circumstance, and succeeded in restoring my composure. We examined every apartment and closet minutely, without finding any fresh cause of alarm, and seated ourselves by a window to watch the rising moon: one side of the pavilion was next the sea, and the foaming surge beat against the wall with a noise that heightened the solemnity of the scene. Francisco nodded over the lamp which burned on the table, and we remained some time silent.

"The original reason of this place being deserted," said Fernando, "is a melancholy one; and, though the world may think I have little reason to regret it, I derive no satisfaction from the prospect of aggrandizement not pro-

perly my right. The Castle and domains belonged to the Marquis di Attena, who, early in life, espoused Antoinette Laborne, the sister of my mother: their happiness was uninterrupted. For many years, the Baron, my father, was the most intimate friend of the Marquis, and was by him introduced to my mother, for whom he instantly conceived a strong partiality: he was not entirely the object of her choice, nor do I know the particular motives which induced her to accept him; but they were married. Previous to my birth the Marquis died, and left the Baron executor and guardian to his child, an infant son, with a clause that, if he died without issue, the estate should devolve to the Baron and his heirs. The Marchioness, ever happy in the society of her sister, entreated my mother to reside in the Castle, which the Baron readily acceded to: however, her health gradually declined, nor could their tenderest attentions restore her spirits: she lingered some months, and then expired. My mother divided her attentions between me and the young heir, who had a proper person to attend him; and as his constitution was delicate, every means were tried to brace and strengthen him. Claudine, who attended him, walked every morning on the beach, and I usually accompanied them. One day I was indisposed, and my mother, fearing the keen breeze would be hurtful to me, kept me with her. Claudine went out with her young charge, but returned no more alive: her body was found on the sand, but the infant was irrecoverably lost. I need not picture to you the distress of the family at the Castle: every method was used to find the child, but without success; he has never since been heard of, nor is it probable that he was preserved. From that time, the fearful ignorant domestics dreaded this spot; but Heaven knows how willingly I would resign my claims, could the real heir be restored."

I listened to this tradition with profound attention; a secret presage rushed upon my mind, and I almost dreaded the presence of the unknown.

"Let

"Let us leave this place," said I, faintly catching his arm: "it is too gloomy."

The clock at that moment struck twelve: a heavy lumbering noise almost transfixed me to the spot. Fernando drew his sword, and, snatching up the lamp, flew into the adjoining apartments from whence the sound seemed to proceed: the wind, gushing strongly through the casement which we had opened, threw the door after him with such violence, that it baffled all our efforts to open it; and Francisco was obliged to descend the staircase to seek some instrument with which he might force it, leaving me in darkness. He had not been absent many minutes, when I heard a rustling noise near me; my gown was fastened by something, and I was too much enervated by fear to disengage it. When I heard Francisco reascending, I spoke to him, thinking his voice would cheer me, but received no answer: the object who approached was in total darkness; I was persuaded it was not Francisco; and it presently rushed by me with a force that threw me to the ground. I shrieked vehemently, and Fernando, roused by my cries, collected fresh strength, and forced the door. Raising me by the light of the lamp, he discovered his own dog standing beside me, and beheld in him the cause of our alarm. By this time Francisco returned with an iron bar, and completed our satisfaction by assuring us that the noise we had first heard was occasioned by the fall of a pile of rubbish which Tibbault had thrown down in scratching the door open. I was perfectly satisfied with what I had seen of the pavilion, and we returned to the Castle, where a fresh cause of surprise and apprehension awaited me; for, in undressing, I found secured between the folds of my gown a note stained with blood. I opened it in extreme perturbation; these were the words it contained:——

"Imprudent! why will you provoke your destiny? Wait a little time, keep your secret, and depend upon the care of your Genius."

I cannot

I cannot describe what I felt at the perusal of this note; I had never hitherto dreaded any supernatural appearances, but this was a mystery I could not develope, and my being condemned to secrecy was the most distressing part of it. Fernando saw the anxiety of my mind, and, attributing it to a different cause, became pressing for me to give him my positive assurance that I would be his; but this I was obliged to refuse, at least till I could learn my father's intention on the subject, and I waited with extreme impatience for his letter. Alas! to what a situation was I reduced, when I heard that, within a week after his arrival in England, the agitation of his mind had occasioned a fever which terminated his existence! The Baroness was inconsolable, and I should have sunk under the affliction, but for your kind, your tender attentions. Fernando, too, ---with what delicate affection did he watch by me, and divide with you the fatigue of attending me! He knew not then that he was fixing daggers in the heart of one while he was seeking to soothe the anguish of another: your feelings must have been acute; but the inflexible firmness with which you supported and concealed them, must reflect eternal honour upon you. The Baroness, touched by my situation, tried all possible means to compose the fermentation of my mind, but preserved an invariable silence on the subject of Fernando's attachment; and I was too proud to importune her. The Baron paid me great attention, but Fernando had too much affection for his mother to seek his father's consent without her concurrence, which I easily perceived would never be obtained; and various motives concurred to make me desirous of deferring the decision. Father Stephano was our only friend and confident; he strengthened our patience by his exhortations, and taught us implicit dependence upon the decrees of Providence.

(To be continued.)

SIR

SIR EDWARD: A STORY.

SIR Edward F——r, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expenses; and though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was unfortunately seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the vallies of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants, with scarcely any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, at whose

whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to strength and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and attended with every possible care by his host and family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated, and in little more than a week he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth.

"When her mother died," said he, "the Signora, whose name at her desire we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here; yet she is so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life."

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was tolerably proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they

they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward; and the family concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either: but his conversation with Louisa—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—It was long since Louisa had heard these sounds. Amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them: from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance there was always an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was not less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness, he thought this emotion but gratitude; and when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her: but the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and of consequence increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words, which he had often despised; the slave of manners, he often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air which she had composed to the memory of her mother.

"That,"

"That," said she, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have reason to be sad."

Sir Edward pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested, as strongly as a sense of duty and the mildness of her nature would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched on the thoughts of it.

------"To marry where one cannot love--to marry such a man, Sir Edward!"

It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand, said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded by swearing he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir Edward improved the favourable moment, talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at that proposal. She would have reproached him; but her heart was not made for it: she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him; coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked upon him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged

engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot where some poplars formed a thicket on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa arose from the ground, and burst into tears. She turned, and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings.

"Are you not well, Sir Edward?" said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken.

"I am ill, indeed," said he; "but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that: I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress; but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you, Louisa; I go to be wretched, but you may be happy; happy in your duty to a father; happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility. I go to my native country to hurry through scenes of irksome business, or tasteless amusement, that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind; a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa!"

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared, with a carriage ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one, that

he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and, kissing it with rapture, he hid it in his bosom; the other he held out in a hesitating manner.

"This," said he, "if Louisa would accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more, when this heart shall have forgotten to love, and ceased to be wretched."

Louisa was at last overcome; her face was first pale as death, then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush.

"Oh! Sir Edward," said she, "what---what would you have me do?"

He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and, driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

(To be continued.)

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. VI.

[Continued from p. 101.]

WHEN I returned to the room, I found the company had given over dancing, and the principal part of them laying their heads together, in important debate, concerning young Stanley's future destination: as usual, opinions were various; the intricacies of the law were by some objected against as apt to inculcate notions of intrigue. Stanley positively rejected the study of physic as repugnant to his feelings; Dr. Cerate condemned the practice merely as being extremely fatiguing; but Edward protested he thought of it in a more serious light, as he could never reconcile himself to the idea of having the life of a fellow-

fellow-creature in his hands, exclusive of the horror attendant on surgical operations, which he was certain he could never bring himself to consider as a mere mechanical process. Dr. Cerate ridiculed these notions as effeminate and absurd, and a glance from the bright eyes of Clara upon the young lieutenant's sword directed the conversation into another channel: the fatigues of a campaign were enumerated by Mr. Stanley, the glory of victory by Woolcomb, and the pleasures met with in country quarters by the ladies, who unanimously admired a military man.

"But, surely, Madam," said Woolcomb, addressing himself to Maria, "you would not recommend the army to my young friend, unless you design to condemn him to a life of celibacy?"

"Why so?" demanded she, colouring.

"Ah!" replied he, "you little think of the inconveniences to which a soldier's wife must be exposed, to have her husband, perhaps, torn from her arms within a fortnight after their union; or, if there be a practicability of her following him, to be exposed to the dangers of the elements of various climates, to insults, perhaps suspicions, from which her husband can scarcely defend her: a camp life must certainly be disgusting to a woman of delicacy, nor would the temporary presence of the man she loves entirely compensate for the inconveniences they must both suffer. Oh! never wish to marry a soldier."

Maria laughed. "And do you never intend to marry?"

"I do not say so; but I would wish the lady who honours me with her approbation to select me for the sake of myself, not my profession."

Maria understood the insinuation, and was silent; at the same time I perceived Mrs. Mournwell lost in thought, and sighing deeply: after a long consultation and many exordiums from Dr. Pompous, Edward declared his inclinations led him to prefer theological studies; and the proposition meeting with general approbation, it was

agreed upon that he should be sent very shortly to Cambridge.

"And will you be content, Maria," said he in a low voice, gently pressing her hand, "to become a mere parson's wife? for only on that condition do I make the agreement."

I saw Maria was embarrassed, and, to relieve her, desired that no conditions nor agreements should be made so publicly; which being generally understood, the debating party soon dispersed. Mrs. Mournwell remained by my side silent and sad; as soon, however, as she found we were released from observation, she laid her hand upon mine, and said, with an energetic tone, "Do you not think me a strange being?" then, without waiting for my answer, she continued---

"What has passed just now convinces me more than ever how dangerous the flirtations of youth are, and how carefully they should be attended to by parents, as they frequently lay the foundation of much unhappiness. I will tell you my story; I do not make it publicly known; but I have heard much of your prudence and judgment, and believe you will make no improper use of it.

"I was left, at a very early age, an orphan, to the care of a tradesman of tolerable repute in London: he was not young, but extremely gay, and a most improper guardian for a young woman. Though I had but little fortune, I received a tolerable education, and fancied myself possessed of uncommon abilities, while, in fact, I was nearly destitute of common sense. I was sprightly, and my person was tolerable; nor was I deficient in that sort of smartness which passes for wit and knowledge of polite life. Left entirely to my own inclination in the choice of associates, it is not wonderful that I selected those who seemed good-natured, thoughtless, and agreeable; and my guardian, unfortunately, studied his own convenience too much to value my welfare. Laura Mathews was a fine girl, and my most intimate companion: I knew not then the degree of intimacy

timacy which existed between her and my guardian; but the world did, and the consequence was, that my character suffered without my knowledge. Laura was a perfect adept in intrigue, and, as I thought her extreme gaiety was merely the effect of good humour and harmless merriment, I readily agreed to all her proposals. I was ready at my pen, and consequently became her amanuensis in all her love schemes or childish frolicks; and from writing letters upon her account, I soon began to write them upon my own.

"While on a visit to one of my female confidants in Salisbury, I found myself particularly attracted by a young officer named Claverton: he paid me some trifling attentions, which confirmed my partiality, and I began to think myself desperately in love. However, Claverton thought less of me than I did of him; for he discontinued his visits at the house I frequented in the hope of seeing him, and I feared I should be compelled to quit the country without another interview. I sent him an anonymous letter, reproaching him for his coldness and neglect; and his eyes told me, the first time we met, that my secret was discovered. Whether disposed to trifle with my too obvious partiality, or concerned that the want of fortune on both sides rendered an union improper, I know not; but to one of these motives I attribute his silence on the most interesting subject. I returned to town; related to Laura what had passed: she laughed at me for my want of skill, and assured me that she would have secured him to herself long before. Piqued by her raillery, and aggravated by the increasing severity of my guardian, who seemed to lavish all his favours upon Laura, I penned a few lines in agitation to Claverton, and, I blush to say, even offered myself for his acceptance: his answer was such as might have been expected, had I allowed myself a moment's reflection. He professed his admiration of my person, wit, and candour; said he should be happy in possessing such an agreeable companion, and would make every thing ready

for my reception at Salisbury. I tore the letter to atoms in the first transports of my indignation; my pride was severely hurt, and I reproached him with all the acrimony of disappointed affection. In a few weeks I received another letter: Claverton expressed his regret at having offended me; said that his regiment was ordered to Ireland, and that if I would accompany him every thing should be settled between us in an honourable way. I need not tell you how readily I accepted the proposal; I prepared my things, and with all my haste only reached Plymouth about an hour before the embarkation:---we were married by the chaplain on board; and Claverton was all kindness and attention. Noticed and flattered by all the officers, my vanity was highly gratified; for the seeds of vanity once sown are not easily eradicated, nor did I feel that tender attachment towards my husband which my previous conduct seemed to promise. I had deceived myself into an idea that I loved him, and had no one to blame; yet we agreed very well, for Claverton was gay and dissipated, and left me much leisure to amuse myself. We continued at Dublin two years, and among the friends to whom he introduced me was a young gentleman named Mortimore, who favoured me with particular attention: his manners were unlike most of his age, and his constant care was to endeavour for the improvement of those with whom he associated. He saw that my heart was not vitiated, and the levity of my manners he traced to the original source,---high spirits and want of parental caution. He first taught me the impropriety of my conduct---became my friend and counsellor; ah! he became in reality that dear object to me which I had formerly imagined Claverton to be. My husband had hitherto been civil and indifferent to me; he now became cold, satirical, and often severe; and his unkindness strengthened my criminal passion for Mortimore, and made me still more interesting to him. He had at first doubted our being married, which induced him to act in the manner he had done; and the solemn assurance of the fact

on

on my side reduced him to despair; for he loved me notwithstanding all my faults, and often, in a frenzy of passion, declared Claverton was a villain. Claverton, though not fond, was suspicious (for jealousy is as often caused by selfishness as affection), and watched us narrowly: he had too soon convincing proofs that the woman whose affections are not entirely engrossed by her husband must have an object with whom she shares them. I do not attempt to palliate my fault, nor deprecate the justice of my punishment: a quarrel was the consequence--a private meeting took place, and Mortimore fell. No consideration could keep me from him; I watched by his bed-side like one stupified with grief till the hour he expired; and to the last moments his lips uttered no other sound than concern for my situation. Claverton fled, but he left for me a letter which wrung my soul; and for several weeks I was totally deprived of reason."

Mrs. Mournwell put a letter into my hand, which she requested me to read; it was this:——

"THOUGH driven by your imprudence and criminality to this extremity, I have some satisfaction in the thoughts of the pangs you must feel at the perusal of this letter. I am for ever exiled from my country; but for me it contains few charms; my affairs have been long in a disagreeable way, and it may, perhaps, be to my advantage to recruit in a foreign country, which I should not probably have had resolution to do, but for the present exigence. For your own misfortunes reproach yourself; I am no more accountable for them than I shall be for your future concerns. I am not your husband: at the time I first saw you I had but just joined the regiment, and had been three years separated from an amiable and beautiful woman, to whom I had been united by the desire of my friends. I loved her not, it is true; but, libertine as I am, I shall ever respect her virtues. My ill treatment occasioned her friends to seek a separation, which was effected by mutual consent;

sent; yet I wanted female society, and your importunate attachment offered me what was necessary to my convenience, and my departure from England afforded the cover of secrecy. You certainly both deceived yourself and me, in professing a sincere attachment; nor can you wonder that the unjustifiable methods you took to allure me diminished my respect: yet at least I expected fidelity, and the breach of it I thought deserving of punishment. Farewell, Madam: it would be ridiculous for me to attempt to offer consolation; to my friends I leave that care. Should your expected offspring prove a girl, I hope you will make it your study to rear her in habits of prudence and decorum; at any rate, you will recollect that it has not, more than yourself, any claims to the name or heart of

"CLAVERTON."

"Cruel and insulting as this letter was," continued Mrs. Mournwell, "it was just; I bowed in submissive repentance, and, as soon as my health would permit, returned to England. Pride prevented my making personal application to my guardian; and I learned that Miss Mathews, to whose pernicious example I owed my ruin, lived in a state of public infamy with him. My little annuity was sufficient to keep me from want, and I resolved that in future my pen should be employed in warning others from those errors and misfortunes in which it involved me. I came to this village; my child died within a few months after its birth; and here I live a sequestered unsociable life. My constitution is impaired by the temporary anguish of my mind, and it is only among a circle of agreeable friends that I feel any return of my former gaiety. I must however inform you, that Claverton was lost with the ship in which he took his passage for Madras; and his wife has been since married to a gentleman of fortune and excellent character."

This story was not told without frequent interruptions, and, at the conclusion, I thanked my neighbour for the confidence

confidence she reposed in me; and, previous to our separation, gave her a frank invitation to our house and table, which she accepted with the appearance of grateful pleasure.

(To be continued.)

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XXV.

LADY Mary Chudleigh was the daughter of Sir Richard Lee, of Winslade, Devonshire, Esq. and born in the month of August 1656. In her education, it seems as if literature was not principally reckoned; being taught no other language but her mother tongue. But her love of books, her attention in reading them, and her great capacity for improvement, enabled her to make a very considerable figure among the literati of her time.

She was married to Sir George Chudleigh, of Ashton in the county of Devon, Baronet, by whom she had issue Eliza Maria, who died in the bloom of life, much lamented by her mother, in a poem, entitled, "A Dialogue between Lucinia and Marissa, and George, who succeeded to the title and estate."

She was a lady eminent for her virtue, as well as an elevated understanding; and she made the latter subservient to the promotion of the former, which were greatly improved by study. And though she was not only well versed in poetry and history, but much delighted with them, yet she dedicated much of her time to the study of philosophy and divinity, as appears from her excellent essays, which discover an uncommon degree of piety and knowledge; and a noble contempt of those vanities which the generality of her rank pursue.

The works she wrote and published are, "The Ladies' Defence; or, the Bride-woman's Counsellor answered; a Poem:

Poem: in a Dialogue between Sir John Brute, Sir William Loveall, Melissa, and a Parson." This last piece has been several times published, and was occasioned by an angry sermon preached against the fair sex.

She wrote also, "The Song of the Three Children paraphrased;" and many other poems upon various subjects, which are printed together, with the following title: "Poems on several Occasions; by the Lady Chudleigh."

Likewise "Essays on several Subjects, in Prose and Verse. Written by the Lady Chudleigh." These essays are upon Knowledge, Pride, Humility, Life, Death, Fear, Grief, Self-love, Justice, Riches, Anger, Calumny, Friendship, Love, Avarice, Solitude. This performance is very justly admired for sprightliness of thought, elevated piety, and elegance of style, which often runs of itself into poetic measure. This treatise is dedicated to her royal highness the Princess Sophia, Electress and Dutchess Dowager of Brunswick: On which occasion, that excellent Princess, then in her eightieth year, honoured her with an epistle in French, which being translated is as follows:

"Lady Chudleigh, *Hanover, June* 25, 1710.

"You have done me a very great pleasure, in letting me know, by your agreeable book, that there is such a one as you in England, who has so improved herself, that she can in so fine a manner communicate her good sentiments to all the world. As for me, I do not pretend to deserve the commendations you give me, but by the esteem which I have of your merit, and of your good sense; which will induce me always perfectly to esteem, and to be entirely

"Your affectionate friend,
"to serve you,
"SOPHIA ELECTRICE."

"To Lady Chudleigh,
"in London."

At

At the end of the second volume of the Duke of Wharton's poems, are five letters from Lady Chudleigh to the Reverend Mr. Norris, of Bemerton, and Corinna, i. e. Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas.

She wrote several other things, which, though not printed, are carefully preserved in the family, viz. two Tragedies, two Operas, a Masque. Some of Lucian's Dialogues done into verse. Satirical Reflections on Saqualio, in imitation of Lucian's Dialogues; with several small poems on various occasions.

She had been confined to her chamber by the rheumatism a considerable time before her death, which happened at Ashton, in Devonshire, December 15, 1710, in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and lies buried there without either monument or inscription.

CURIOUS FACTS AND ANECDOTES.

IT is to the luxury of the old Romans that we owe many of the delicacies which now abound in Europe. Lucullus, when he returned from the Mithridatic war, introduced cherries the first time into Italy, from Cerasus, a city near Sinope, on the Euxine sea. There were also brought into Italy, about this period, many other curiosities of fruits, flowers, and plants, from Greece, Asia, and Africa; apricots from Epirus, peaches from Persia, the finest plums from Damascus and Armenia, pears and figs from Greece and Egypt, citrons from Medina, and pomegranates from Carthage. All these were soon brought to perfection in Italy.

Turkeys, or Guinea cocks, were first brought into England in the fifteenth year of Henry VIII. It was much about the same time that carps and pippins were brought from beyond sea by Leonard Mascall, of Plumsted, in Sussex. In 1578, apricots were brought from Italy. The same country gave England melon-seeds, in the reign of James I. About the same period, the large fine pale gooseberry

berry was brought from Flanders, with salads and cabbages. It was not till the æra of the restoration that asparagus, artichokes, oranges, lemons, and cauliflowers, were known in England.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England who wore silk stockings: they were presented to her by a Mrs. Montague; and "thenceforth," says Dr. Howel, "she never wore cloth ones any more." The art of knitting silk stockings by wires, or needles, was first practised in Spain; and, twenty-eight years after it had been imported into England, Mr. Lee, of Cambridge, invented the engine, or steel-loom, called the stocking-frame, which enabled England to export great quantities of silk stockings to Italy and other parts. Mr. Lee taught his art in England and France, and his servants did the same in Spain, Venice, and Ireland.

The use of coaches was introduced into England by Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, in the year 1580. At first they were only drawn by two horses. It was the favourite Buckingham, who, about the year 1619, began to have them drawn by six horses; which, an old historian tells us, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." Before that time ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single on their palfreys, or double behind some person on a pillion. The Duke of Buckingham introduced sedan-chairs about the same period.

In the reign of Edward III. the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench had a salary of no more than 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum; and the ordinary judges of that bench, and of the Common Pleas, had only 40*l.* each per annum. The annual allowance of Henry the Fourth's Confessor was higher; it was 69*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* In the year 1573 Queen Elizabeth created the Earl of Shrewsbury Earl Marshal of England during life, with a salary of only 20*l.* per annum: her Secretary for the French tongue, Thomas Edmonds, Esq., was treated more generously; his salary was 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* and the same with that of the Chief Justice.

THE

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

FEW things require so much skill and delicacy as presuming to offer advice; for there is a degree of self-vanity attached to the human mind which disposes it to think its own opinion right, and that those sentiments which do not accord with it must have been derived from an erroneous source.

The picture which Mrs. C———* has drawn of her domestic inquietudes is such a one as I fear may too frequently be found; but it may certainly be ascribed to that defective mode of education which in this enlightened period too generally prevails.

Gentlemen of the cloth (in the general acceptation) have seldom the power of leaving their families in circumstances perfectly at ease; yet their daughters are taught all those expensive accomplishments which unfit them for the domestic duties of a wife. Accomplishments, when made a secondary consideration, will doubtless afford a young woman many opportunities to please, and, should the hand of Adversity be raised against her, may enable her to enjoy the comforts of life; but the misfortune is, that no useful object is pointed out as the desirable end to be gained; but Miss is taught to value herself upon some superficial acquirement, which it might have been happier for herself had she never attained.

There is another error greatly to be lamented, and which my correspondent Mrs. C—— seems peculiarly to feel, which arises from allowing young people to associate with those who are destined to move in a more elevated sphere, and thus, from the pride of what is termed keeping good company, their minds naturally become discontented or vain. If girls are permitted to pass great part of their lives in a society where every species of elegance is

* See No. xxxvii. page 53.

to be obtained, is it not natural to suppose they will sigh for a return of those enjoyments, and repine at not being able to procure more than the comforts of life? Their ideas, as well as inclinations, naturally take a bias, and are directed by those whom they ought not to imitate; for those actions which are becoming in persons of rank or fortune, are absolutely inconsistent in an inferior state.

If a few months passed in the society of a lady of fashion in the country have produced effects so much to be deplored, what might not be the consequence of the young ladies being permitted to spend the ensuing winter in town? A pliant disposition is doubtless very amiable; but there are instances where compliance is exposed to blame; and, as Mrs. C—— asks my advice with respect to her daughters, I decidedly give it in favour of home.

To the *Novice in Love* I must now address myself, in reply to the candid account she has given me of the state of her heart, though *old women** in general are thought bad advisers upon subjects which they are no longer able to feel. Whether I am really of an age to participate in the softer emotions, or whether time has extinguished all sense of the tender flame, my fair correspondent appears to think me capable of aiding her with my counsel, and informing her whether she ought to marry a man whom she seems scarcely to esteem.

Marriage, I would inform her, is too sacred an engagement to be entered into lightly, or without weighing what she feels; and that negative sensation which she seems to experience does not augur much in favour of domestic weal. A thousand circumstances arise in so intimate a connexion, which the youthful mind is seldom prepared to engage; and it requires the combination of esteem and tenderness to reconcile it to events which could not be foreseen.

* See page 54.

The

The fear of being deprived of the object of his affection renders a lover always solicitous to please; yet possession often gives an appearance of indifference, which it is probable the husband may not in reality feel. The prevailing fault with young men in general, is that of professing too much before the marriage state; and the disappointed female finds that words have supplied the place of actions, and begins to fancy that her's is an unfortunate fate.

But as disappointments of this nature are certain to originate, it is necessary that their effect should be diminished either by affection or esteem, and that something more should be required than that perfect indifference which my fair correspondent professes to feel.

The *Doting Admirer's* situation would doubtless have been pitiable, had he thoughtlessly precipitated himself into the marriage state; for the woman who can turn proofs of tenderness into ridicule has little chance of becoming an affectionate wife. I consider ridicule as a very dangerous weapon, which ought never to be turned against the bosom of a friend; and, when exerting its influence upon an amiable passion, it disgraces the heart, though it may compliment the head.

Feeling and sensibility are universally attractive, but peculiarly so when attached to the female mind; and to ridicule sentiments that improve our nature, is like laughing at virtue, or proving reason blind.

Though beauty has the power of attracting the affections, it is by merit alone that they can be retained; and the heart that has merely been allured by the possession, vainly sighs for that freedom which is not to be regained; and plainly perceives its own infatuation, when obscurity would have been a blessing in such a state.

My correspondent, doubtless, owes the highest obligation to the discerning optics of his numerous friends, as I agree with them in thinking that time will diminish an affection that has been merely established upon a lovely face.

THE UNFORTUNATE FEMALE.

[Continued from p. 120.]

"WITH a heart torn by conflicting emotions, and a mind tortured by apprehension and fear, I committed myself to the care of my new protector, and was immediately conducted to a very elegant house.

"Upon our entrance into this abode of friendship and hospitality I was introduced to one of the most interesting figures I had ever seen, who received me with those marks of affability and politeness which can never fail to charm and please.

"After having introduced me to his lady, who I found was a relation of my lover's, he returned to my father to account for my flight, and to assure him I was ready to conform to his wishes in every thing except that of becoming Mr. C——'s wife. My father had but that moment been apprised of my departure, and his indignation at the sight of Mr. Dalton was not to be restrained; and, knowing the connexion which subsisted between him and the ill-fated Edwards, he accused him of robbing a father of his child. It was in vain that the worthy man assured him he had only offered me a temporary asylum, and declared that I was ready to return immediately to his house, on condition of not being persecuted with the addresses of a being to whom I felt an aversion, and had reason to despise; and concluded by saying, that his apparent debility was an artful imposition, and his apprehension of dying entirely feigned.

"Whether my father was really duped by this deception, or whether he had been made privy to the insidious design, is a circumstance with which I am still unacquainted, as he from that moment refused to acknowledge me as his child, and desired the benevolent Mr. Dalton to inform me that I had forfeited every claim upon his protection

tection and regard, and that his doors were closed upon me for life.

"Shocked at being driven from the protection of a parent, and implored by my amiable lover to become his wife, in an ill-fated hour I yielded to his intreaties, and exposed him to persecutions which could never have been foreseen. No sooner was our marriage published than my father commenced an action, as I unfortunately happened to be under age; and Mr. C—— likewise brought a bill against him for eighteen months lodging and board.

"It is in vain for me to attempt describing the iniquitous proceedings which both my father and his instigator adopted to deprive my beloved husband of bread; and at length they succeeded, even beyond their expectation, for he was deprived of his preferment, and committed to goal. Never shall I forget the horrors of that moment when the delegates of the law attempted to force him from my arms; but as I had been the cause of his captivity, I resolved to share it, and protested that no power should separate us but death.

"Edwards, whose mind was superior to adversity if it had merely affected himself, lost every particle of fortitude and magnanimity when he beheld the walls in which we were to be detained. 'Oh! my beloved Matilda,' said this too susceptible husband, 'are these the bonds of Hymen in which you are to be enslaved? are these the silken fetters I had fancied would unite us? Oh! in compassion to my feelings, avoid the bondage of this dreadful place.'

"As my adored Frederick's fortitude seemed to forsake him, mine proportionably appeared to increase; and I entered the massy doors which were for ever closed upon him with a degree of composure scarcely to be conceived, and passed the night in endeavouring to inspire him with resignation, and composing the alarming agitation of his mind.

"Though I resolved to share the fate of my unfortunate husband, yet I was determined to strain every nerve to obtain his release, and flattered myself with the hope that my father's severity would subside at beholding the wretchedness of his child. Full of this consoling reflection, I arose at an early hour on the following morning, and with trembling steps approached those doors which had so often flown open for their once happy mistress to be welcomely received. As I heard the reverberating stroke of the knocker, my heart absolutely sunk at the sound; and when I beheld the face of an old domestic, I appeared to have lost the power of speech. 'Oh! madam,' said the attached creature, whilst the tears ran down his venerable cheeks, 'what a task has been imposed on me!---my master has forbid you from appearing in his sight.'

'Antony,' I replied, laying my trembling hand upon his shoulder, 'I must see my father, and am resolved not to move a step from this place: in mercy, therefore, do not refuse me admission, but let me implore his forgiveness, and, if he denies it, expire before his face.' This appeal to his humanity and feelings was not easily to be withstood; and, opening the door with an appearance of apprehension, he preceded my footsteps to my father's room, and, entering it, said, 'Sir, if my life had been at stake I could not have obeyed your orders; therefore you may be sure I could not fulfil them to preserve my place.'

"Before he could recover from the surprise this speech had occasioned, I had entered, and thrown myself at his feet, and with all that pathos of language which sensibility gives rise to, implored him to pardon what could not be repealed. Had he beheld me with a countenance either of pity or indignation, I might have flattered myself he would not long have remained unmoved; but when he heard the account of my misfortunes with perfect indifference, every hope of kindness in a moment fled, and I was unable to articulate another sentence, though tears supplied the place of speech.

'Rise,

'Rise, Matilda,' said this once indulgent father, 'and do not suffer your feelings to be tortured by imaginary griefs: you knew my aversion to the man you have chosen for your protector, yet felt not the slightest repugnance to giving me pain. By this step you have cancelled all connexion between us, and I no longer consider you in the light of a child; yet, as a fellow-creature in distress, I am ready to relieve you, on condition that my benevolence shall not be misapplied. If you will consent to leave the wretch who has so artfully seduced you, and embittered the future moments of my life, I promise to make you an annual allowance; but not one penny will I give, if you continue to live with him as a wife.'

"Though affluence and poverty were the alternatives, I did not hesitate which to take; and I quitted the abode of my invulnerable parent with a mind depressed, and a heart ready to break. Upon returning to the abode of misery and misfortune, my anguish was increased by finding my husband extremely ill, and the contents of our purses when put together did not amount to quite seven pounds: in this dreadful situation some exertion was necessary, and I resolved to apply to the gaoler's wife, who gave me a recommendation to a milliner of her acquaintance, from whom I constantly received employment; and by that means was enabled to procure those comforts for my dear Edwards, of which, from his debilitated situation, he stood so much in need.

"Though I supported my own and my husband's misfortunes with resignation, yet I could not bear the idea of bringing an innocent being into the world to participate in our fate; and, from the moment I was convinced that I should become a mother, felt all the horrors of our wretched state. The health of my dear Edwards was daily declining, and I was scarcely able to earn a sufficiency to supply us both with bread; how, then, could I make preparations for that critical moment which I felt certain would terminate my miseries and life?

"As

"As I used regularly to carry home my work to my employer once or twice in the course of the week, I had frequently been accosted by an elderly gentleman, who appeared acquainted with my situation, though I had never condescended to speak; and he one morning pursued me to the very gates of my confinement, and then forced a letter into my hand, which he intreated me to read. I had presence of mind enough to break the seal of the cover previous to entering my dear Edwards's room, and found it contained a proposal from the detested C——, which, though it could not injure my honour, gave an additional wound to my peace. I resolved to make my father acquainted with the depraved principles of his insidious and pretended friend: I therefore inclosed the letter, and got a person to direct it, knowing he would not read it if he saw the superscription in my hand.

"A few days after this circumstance happened, in my way to the milliner's, I was again assailed; but, instead of employing an agent to wound my ears by a disclosure of his passion, I was accosted by the object of my aversion, the inhuman C——. After assuring me that his passion had survived my cruelty, and making me the most splendid proposals to break through the duties of a wife, he offered to have my husband liberated on the following morning, if I would only allow him to visit me as a friend.

"I was too well acquainted with the depravity of his principles to become the dupe of his iniquitous designs, and told him my husband would spurn at the freedom that was to be purchased through the influence of a being whom he had reason both to despise and hate. This interview threw my spirits into such an agitation, that, when I arrived at my wretched dwelling, I was compelled to go to bed; and in a few hours after gave birth to the little angel who owes to your humanity the preservation of his life.

"I will not attempt to describe the hardships I endured during my confinement; for the powers of language would

there

there prove faint; but the Almighty proportioned my strength to my sufferings, and in a few weeks restored me to a convalescent state. My child throve in spite of adversity, but I had the misery of seeing his beloved father gradually decay; and he was so completely sensible of his dangerous situation, that he besought me to leave him without farther delay, and subscribe to any terms my father might mention, on condition that he would afford protection to my child."

(To be continued.)

REMARKS

ON THE GROWTH, ENLARGEMENT, COLOURS, AND DUPLICATION OF FLOWERS.

[From Dr. Willich's "Domestic Encyclopædia."]

1. IT is an established fact, that flowers as well as fruits grow larger in the shade, and ripen and decay soonest when exposed to the sun. Hence, likewise, the foliage or buds of plants requires more moisture for its vigorous growth than their flowers, or organs of fructification. Farther, observes Dr. Darwin, the frequent rains of our climate are apt not only to wash off the farina from the bursting anthers, and thus to prevent the impregnation of the pistil, but also to delay the ripening of the fruit or seeds, from the want of a due evaporation of their perspirable matter, as well as from the deficiency of solar light in cloudy seasons. In another place of his "Phytologia," this philosopher remarks, that, as a superfluous supply of water is more friendly to the growth of leaf-buds than to the generation of flower-buds, the production of seeds may be forwarded by supplying their roots with less water than usual. But when the blossoms appear, an addition of water promotes their growth, by affording nourishment, which should again be lessened when the fruit has acquired its full size, both to promote its maturity and improve its flavour; as the saccharine matter and

and essential oil will thus be in a less diluted state.—Although the fruit may become sweeter and larger when the green as well as the floral leaves continue on the tree, yet the corols, with the stamens, stigmas, and nectaries (the succeeding fruit not considered), suffer, in the opinion of Dr. Darwin, no injury when both kinds of leaves are removed, as by the depredations of insects. Nay, some florists assert that the flowers thus become stronger, producing no bulbs, as is the case with tulips and hyacinths.

2. The variegated colours of the petals of flowers are so beautiful, and afford such delight to the eye of the contemplative naturalist, as to deserve some investigation. It is probable that varieties in the colours of single flowers raised from seeds may be generally obtained by sowing those which already possess different shades, contiguous to others of the same species; or, by bending the flowers of one colour, and shaking the anther-dust over those of another. Thus Dr. Darwin supposes the beds of the corn blue-bottle, *centaurea cyanus*, acquire those beautiful shades of blue, purple, and white. As some animals change their natural colours when transplanted in different situations of soil, a similar effect may be produced by sowing flowers in factitious composts, which considerably differ from each other with respect to vegetable nutriment, and perhaps also in their colour. Experiments on this subject, as well as on the variegation of the leaves of shrubs and trees, are however wanting to confirm this conjecture; though the latter probably originates from soil or situation, and may be communicated by ingrafting. The origin of new colours in flowers, and of variegated foliage, is imagined to arise from the want of nourishment of the soil on which they grow, compared to that assigned to them by Nature; or from a defect of moisture, and of heat; a supposition countenanced by the dwarfish size of such plants in general, and especially by the reduced stature of tulips, when their petals acquire various colours.

The

The immediate cause of the various colours presented by some flowers, such as poppies, has not hitherto been distinctly ascertained; but Dr. Darwin conjectures that, as they are not variable by the obliquity with which they are seen, like those of mother-pearl, card-fish, &c. they do not depend on the thinness of their pellicle, and may, therefore, arise from the greater facility which some parts of vegetables, more than others, possess in parting with their oxygen when exposed to the sun's light; for all flowers are more or less blanched before they first open.

3. The origin of double flowers is believed to result from the luxuriant growth of the plant, in consequence of excessive nourishment, moisture, and warmth: they arise from the increase of some parts of the flower, and the consequent exclusion of others. As they present a greater blaze of colour in a small space, and continue in bloom for some weeks longer than single flowers, the method of producing them from seeds is a matter of importance. Botanists very properly term such multiplied flowers vegetable monsters, because they possess no stamens or pistils, and therefore can produce no seeds.---Nevertheless they are frequently raised immediately from seeds; because flowers cultivated with more manure, moisture, and warmth, than is congenial to them, not only grow larger and more vigorously, but likewise show a tendency to become double, by having one or two supernumerary petals in each flower, such as the Stock July flower, cheiranthus, and anemone. It is still more remarkable, that this duplicature is communicated to those individual blossoms: hence florists tie a thread round such flowers, to mark them, and to collect their seeds separately, from which double or full flowers are said to be uniformly produced, if they be cultivated with additional manure, moisture, and warmth, as has been already observed.---There subsists a curious analogy, concludes Dr. Darwin, between these vegetable monsters and those of the animal world; for a duplicature of limbs frequently attends the latter, as chickens and turkeys

turkeys with four legs and four wings, and calves with two heads. In mules, also, the most important organs become deficient, so that they cannot multiply their species: exactly analogous to these are full flowers, which, from the same cause, produce no seed. With respect to botanic systems, it may be observed from these vegetables of exuberant growth, that the stamens and pistils are less liable to change than the corols and nectaries; consequently, that they are more proper parts for arranging plants into classes; and that on this idea Linnæus constructed his unrivalled system. Lastly, the calyx, or perianth, being seldom found in a double or multiplied state, is the next part of a flower that is liable to the least changes; and may, therefore, on accurate inspection, serve to detect the genera of many double flowers.

DANGER OF BOUQUETS IN BED-ROOMS.

DR. Heister, of Gottingen, is of opinion, that a great number of persons found dead in their beds have lost their lives by the vapour exhaled from large pots of flowers kept in their bed-rooms. Dr. Ingenhouz, a celebrated German physician, who died about three years ago, has confirmed this opinion by experiments which cannot err. Enclose, for example, in a glass vase, during the night, a bunch of any flowers whatever, taking care to put a little water upon the place on which the vase is placed, with the mouth downwards, so as to prevent any communication between the external air and that in the vase; you will find the flowers in the morning in the same state without any alteration, but they shall have changed the internal air, according to their particular qualities. Insinuate a bougie into this confined air, and it will be extinguished. An ordinary flower enclosed in a glass, in a volume of air ten times greater than the size of the flower,

flower, shall so corrupt it, that an animal placed in it will die in a few minutes. These experiments are interesting, at this season of the year particularly.

ROSEVILLE COTTAGE.

[Continued from p. 104.]

"WE all sat down to the tea-table, at which the good Amelia, "on hospitable thoughts intent," had displayed plenty of rich cream, besides new butter from her own dairy.

"You may believe I remained here till I was ashamed of my boldness; but the just and elegant remarks of the widow lady, whose name is Honoria, and the sensible and lively sallies of her sister, fascinated me to my situation, and stole the hours uncounted away.

"Mary, the lovely daughter of Honoria, spoke very little; but there was an interesting pensiveness in her manner, and a touching grace in her every motion, that attracted my eyes to her figure, while I hearkened to the wisdom of her mother.

"Oh! happy, happy group, thought I: this is the abode of virtue and tranquility!

"My own tortures tore my heart at the comparison; and I believe my eyes at the moment must have looked strangely, for a sudden startle flashed into the mild orbs of Mary as she accidentally turned them on me. I smiled ---she saw that it was a smile of agony, for I beheld a tear dropping from her now downcast eye-lash. That tear opened a new feeling in my breast; so sympathising with a stranger, what a heart must she possess for those she loves!

"Oh! my Horatio, shall I tell you that, from that hour, I became too fatally interested in all her tears and smiles?

" I was thin and pale---her mother saw that I was unhappy; a few more interviews soon convinced her of this fact, and she affixed my sorrow entirely to the cause of the black garments I wore. Alas! she knew not that I had a sorer wound---that guilt was rankling beneath them!

" For several months past---past never to return---her cottage had been my constant evening walk; her gracious and benevolent smile was ever ready to bid me welcome. The wit of dear aunt Amelia has often cheered my melancholy; but there was no balm, no enchantment like the pitying voice of the benign Mary! To me she was an angel of peace; she soothed my griefs by her meek arguments, and promised me, in the language of Heaven, future days of cheerfulness and joy. May those days be her lot! they can never be mine! It is only for innocence to be happy; and if ever innocence, virtue, and loveliness, were embodied on earth, they inhabit the breast of the compassionate Mary.

" During the summer evening she would walk with me through the fields which surrounded the cottage, and point to my distracted spirit the soothing harmony of Nature; or, seated beneath the walnut-tree, where I first beheld her, she would read to me with a voice that might charm " a soul under the ribs of death." It was the custom of her mother frequently to give little rural fêtes to her young acquaintance; on these nights the angelic Mary would tempt me to join in the scene, and, selecting the most lovely girl in the party, would offer her hand to me for the dance.

" These kindnesses are imprinted on my most inward soul. Whenever she looked on me, pity beamed in her gentle eyes; and whenever she spoke to me, her voice was softened to more than seraphic sweetness. But it was only pity,---and I flew from her presence.

" My many errors, Horatio, have humbled my once proud heart to the dust. I durst not aspire to the possession

session of such a being; and I one day abruptly quitted the country. Sinking under the accumulated torture of my mind, I again became a vagabond upon the world.

(To be continued.)

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. XIII.

Oft from reason heedless beauty strays.

LYTTELTON.

I DOUBT not but many of my Fair Readers, over whose minds the love of gaiety, perhaps dissipation, has gained the ascendancy, have hitherto regarded the Inspector as a morose kind of cynic, whose highest wish would be to annihilate every species of pleasure, and whose greatest ambition consists in tacitly extolling the virtues of the one sex by railing at the vices of the other. If it be reprehensible, in endeavouring to enlarge the sphere of our social connexions, to expand the sensibilities of the heart by attaching it to those lovely objects, whose approximation to perfection inspires the finest feelings of which our nature is susceptible, or to awaken in the bosom of apathetic indifference those dormant faculties of the soul which alone can produce a mutuality of love, I acknowledge the charge, and humbly bow submission. But let me not so far satirize the females of the present day, as even to suppose them inattentive of an affair so pregnant with importance to their future happiness,---the inexpressible pleasures of domestic affection. Can it be possible that fruition should pervert the natural bias of inclination, or that a woman's future behaviour should so glaringly belie her former sentiments as to be in direct opposition to her past conduct? Good God! can any creature endowed with

rationality suffer their actions to degenerate into such an absurd inconsistency?

To enter into a minute delineation of the female character, would only be attempting a superfluous analysis, since several authors of the greatest respectability have copiously treated on the subject. It would be needless, therefore, to enumerate the works of a Chapone, a More, or a Gisborne, were it not for the express purpose of again referring the young pupil, who has, perhaps, but glanced very superficially over their pages, to a more accurate investigation; requesting her at the same time to hold up to her own inspection the mirror of an amiable female, formed on the principles which they inculcate. Too frequently the notions of feminine excellence are derived from an impure source; some endearing pattern of perfection, whose propensities they have contemplated with ecstacy in the transporting pages of some modern sentimental novel. How has a tacit admiration swelled the rising breast with rapture, while the deluded fancy revelled in Utopian prospects of Elysian happiness, painting to the enraptured senses scenes of unbounded felicity in the happy plains of Arcadia,

Where love and pleasure sprightly lead
The jocund hours along!

One would almost be tempted to conclude, without a more minute examination, that Nature had implanted in the female breast a train of grosser passions, if not inimical to love, at least but ill according with the rapturous notions the heart naturally forms of its ecstatic transports. Vanity---ambition---pardon me, my Fair Readers, in attributing to your gentle bosoms so masculine a propensity,---a desire of admiration, a love of novelty, and the foolish hope of captivating the heart of almost every agreeable man you meet with, raises those insuperable barriers which effectually blockade every avenue to the affections. Constancy in love

love is very prudently considered as incompatible with that cautious circumspection which worldly considerations so imperiously impose. I do not exaggerate; observation and experience daily confirm the truths I relate.

When the natural sensibilities of our nature begin to unfold themselves, the expanded heart glows with the tenderest emotions, and early becomes conscious of the want of some lovely object to whom it may impart every pleasurable sensation it experiences. The God of Nature has implanted in the human breast a latent combination of chords in union with the sympathies of life:

> ----------In solitude
> What happiness? who can enjoy alone,
> Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?
>
> MILTON.

Ah! then, ye Fair, it behoves you to be greatly cautious on whom you place your affections. Sport not with the noblest feelings you possess; but perpetually bear in mind, that the painful remembrance of a first premature attachment, which maturity could not sanction, may create in your susceptive bosoms an exquisite sense of the loss of something you cannot express; an impression which nor time nor absence can erase, but which must for ever embitter your future happiness.

Is it not painful, therefore, to every ingenuous mind, to behold the very different conduct which most of our females pursue when placed in this delicate situation? Actuated more by a display of external appearances than the consciousness of their own worth, soon as they feel Love's softening influence, every power of fascination is called into action; the whole artillery of Beauty's auxiliaries are levelled at every pretty swain they meet with; while each obtrusive charm is exhibited to trepan the heart of some unwary youth, to whose passions alone they are indebted for the addition of one more to the number of their pitiful conquests.

Say not that I am too warm on the subject; it is of too much importance to be trifled with. Look round with the discerning eye of contemplative penetration, and ask your own heart whether you are acting with that consistency, that propriety of conduct, which your sanguine expectations of domestic happiness prompt you to adopt. Figure to yourselves that character, "whose noblest station is retreat," dispensing to the gaping multitude those charms which should be reserved for the transiently happy man, destined, by a something like chance, to become her husband. Let us pursue the couple in idea to the shades of domestic retirement: do but observe how that union, the felicities of which have been compared by three of our poets to the notions generally entertained of Paradise, is shamefully perverted into a state of perpetual discord. Where are now its raptures and ecstacies---its blandishments and endearments? Alas! they fled with possession; esteem alone is the basis of true love! Farewell, then, all hopes of earthly happiness; the company of each by degrees becomes a restraint on the other, while each continually execrates that preference---partiality I cannot call it---which a false pride prompted them to evince in the choice!

Thus do mankind play with the noblest passions they possess, till the finer feelings of the heart lose all their sensibility. Slaves to the natural impetuosity of youth, they eagerly pursue that pleasure which consists in vanity; tracing, through a devious maze of disappointments, a mere phantom which they have, conformable to their own notions, falsely denominated pleasure. Thus, constantly whirling around the vortex of fashionable dissipation till every sense of enjoyment is fled, they are at last content to sit quietly down in obscurity, and lament in silence, over that vacancy which is left in the mind,---the inconstancy of man, and the errors of youth.

TOM TOUCHY.

Stockton upon Tees.

THE

THE MEETING: A FRAGMENT.

"EVEN thy aspiring head," said an elderly man getting out of a hackney coach, and eyeing at the same time the lofty spire of St. Paul's Cathedral, "even thy aspiring head in a few ages will be no more, and, like my vain hopes, sunk in eternal oblivion!"

His dress bespoke him a naval officer, and enough remained of his weather-beaten face to evince that he had been unfortunate. Having discharged the coach, he looked about, and, espying a small linen-draper's shop in an angle of ———— Street, stepped in: a girl, who was sitting at work behind the counter, with a modest voice answered his enquiry respecting some linen, and rose to call her mother. At that instant a genteel woman entered from a back room:—he gazed upon her—a flood of tears choaked his utterance. She flew to his arms:----it was Emily—his long-lost wife!

"Great God," cried he, recovering his speech, "how infinite is thy goodness!" It being near dark, they closed the shop, and drew round a glowing fire in the parlour to hear each other's tale, and the means which had brought them so miraculously together.

Captain Bently (for that was the officer's name) had been torn from his wife and child by some pirates with whom his little vessel had been engaged; but, owing to the superior force of the enemy, after a gallant resistance, had been obliged to strike. The inhuman wretches, seeing the perilous situation of his ship, which every moment was in danger of sinking, took out every thing of value, and committed her to the mercy of the waves, with Emily, her child, and several wounded seamen on board: he was sold as a slave, but, with a few more of the prisoners, made his escape to England, after a long succession of hardships. He had since taken a number of rich prizes, having had the command of a sloop of war, which, after obtaining his discharge, enabled him to live in the country

in

in a genteel manner: he had come to London with a view of purchasing some articles.

Emily's story was briefly thus:---Her vessel was shortly after picked up by an English frigate, the captain of which having had some knowledge of her family, generously settled her in the before-mentioned shop, where she had continued some years; her daughter being the only consolation she had left, all enquiries respecting Captain Bently having proved fruitless. They immediately retired to a pleasant village on the borders of Somersetshire, praising the great Creator for his mercy towards them.

F.

DESCRIPTION
OF A SINGULAR OPTICAL ILLUSION, CALLED
THE MIRAGE.

[From a French Author.]

THE country of lower Egypt is nearly a level plain, which loses itself, like the sea, in the clouds at the extremity of the horizon. Its uniformity is only interrupted by a few eminences, either natural or factitious, on which are situated the villages thus kept out of the reach of the inundation of the Nile; and these eminences, less usual on the skirts of the desert, more frequently to be seen on the side of the Delta, and which appear like a dark line on a very transparent sky, are rendered still further visible by the date-trees and sycamores, oftener to be met with in such situations than elsewhere.

Both morning and evening the aspect of the country is exactly as it ought to be; and between you and the last villages which present themselves, you perceive nothing but land; but when the surface of the earth is sufficiently heated by the rays of the sun, and, indeed, until it begins to get cold towards the evening, the land no longer seems

to have the same extension, but to be terminated, to within the distance of a league, by a general inundation.

The villages placed beyond that, appear like so many islands stationed in the middle of a great lake, from which the spectator is separated by an extent of land, more or less considerable, according to circumstances. You then behold the image of each of these villages reflected exactly as if it were exhibited on a clear surface of water, with only this difference,---that, as the representation is at a considerable distance, the smaller objects are invisible, and the masses alone distinct: in addition to this, the edges of the reversed image are rather ill designed, and such as they would be if the surface of the reflecting medium happened to be a little agitated.

In proportion as one approaches a village, which appears to be placed in the midst of an inundation, the margin of the water seems to recede; and the arm of the sea, separating you, as it were, from the village, shrinks back by degrees: it at length disappears entirely, and the phenomenon, which now ceases in respect to the first village, is instantly reproduced by a new one, which you discover at due distance in the rear. Thus every thing contributes to complete an illusion which is sometimes cruel, more especially in the desert, because it tantalizes you with the appearance of water at a time when you experience the greatest want of that element.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

THE history of this singular Institution, which gave to justice the appearance of assassination, and which bears such evident marks of superstition and barbarity, has lately been rendered interesting to the public by several popular romances on the subject.

A German author, Bock, has published some particulars respecting it, which he has collected with great assiduity,

duity, and on which much reliance may be placed. He thus describes the cave in which the Judges, or rather the banditti who assumed that sacred name, assembled.

"There is," says he, "at the baths of Baden, two lengues from Rastadt, under the antient castle of the Margrave, situated on the extremity of the mountain, a vast cavern cut in the rock, which the inhabitants of the country assert to have been the scene of the meetings of this Tribunal. The entry to this cave is so narrow, that not more than one can pass through it at a time. Pursuing the principal entry, the spectator will see large apartments at various distances, shut with doors composed of one single stone, which turn on hinges of iron, and which can only be opened from without, as they shut into the rock; and there are neither handles, nor any means by which they can be pulled to the person inside, the locks and bolts being all without. The cavern is terminated by a round apartment, surrounded by a stone bench: it appears that this was the room in which the Free Judges were accustomed to assemble. In proceeding to this room it is necessary to pass over a trap door, under which is a very deep cavity, supposed to be the place into which those were thrown who were never more to be heard of in society. It is probable, however, that this was what, in the language of the Tribunal, was called the *Bloody Chamber*, in which the unhappy victims were tortured and massacred."

BON MOT.

A LADY of fashion, very talkative, quite toothless, and stricken in years, though wishing to be thought young, lately asked a wag of the faculty how it could happen that, at her time of life, she should have lost her *teeth*? To which the other replied——

"I cannot really tell, my Lady, unless, as may be very well supposed, they have been worn away by your *tongue!*"

PUBLIC

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET.

July 29, WAS presented at this Theatre a new Ballet Pantomime, called "The CORSAIR; or, *The Italian Nuptials*," the contrivance, as is said, of Mr. Farley. It was well received, though, in fact, it is little more than a succession of combats, captures, and escapes, assassinations and ghosts, which have all been served up to the public before in *Obi*, *Perouse*, *Oscar and Malvina*, &c. &c. The scenery, music, and acting, were good; but the public have, we think, some cause to complain, that the season has arrived within about a fortnight of its conclusion, without one new *play* of any kind having been produced.

THE ROYAL CIRCUS

has, since our last report, brought forward a splendid Comic Pantomime, called "THE ECLIPSE; or, *Harlequin in China;*" in which are happily introduced the costume, manners, amusements, employments, &c. of the Chinese empire. It commences with an Eclipse of the Sun, which the Chinese regard as replete with dire portent; but it passing over without the empire experiencing any injury, preparations are made for the marriage of Titchee, a Chinese Mandarin's daughter, with Tanga, a Tartar chief. Titchou, his rival, being disappointed (according to the custom of the Chinese), takes the habit of a Buth, or youth armed, in a state of distraction, to destroy himself, or all who oppose: he is preceded in his entrance by a Chinese priestess, describing his state of mind, which he exemplifies in a delineation of the various passions which animate the human frame; when Cheerfulness, attended by Exercise, Sport, Joy, Mirth, and Love, transform him to Harlequin; and his pantomimic career commences, and is carried through the following variety of picturesque scenery:—Exterior of the cave of Camöens; distant view of Nankin; interior of a Chinese

Chinese pagoda; military signal post; Turon Bay; transformation to a tea-garden, near Canton; western gate of Pekin; palace of Indolence; mart of Industry; Chinese quay; Cape of Good Hope; East India House; England's Herring Pond; Boulogne Bay, with the destruction of the gun-boats (destined for the invasion of this country) by the gallant Nelson; mausoleum at Maaco; and Chinese pavilion of Cheerfulness.

The Piece is very elegantly got up, and has ever since continued to draw crowds to the Theatre.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

The performance of Mrs. Astley, in the interesting character of *Fair Rosamond*, has placed her higher than ever in the public opinion, and called forth talents for expressing the pathetic which it was not known that she possessed. We allude, particularly, to the last scene of the Piece, which it is not easy to behold without emotion. For superb dress and decoration, the entry of Henry the Second, as a conqueror from France, attended by an army of warriors on real horses, about thirty in number, clad in mail, and bearing magnificent banners, may challenge comparison with any procession that has yet been attempted on the boards of a theatre.

The Pantomime of "DON QUIXOTE; or, *Harlequin Warrior*," which was so attractive last season, has been revived, with new scenery, &c. and with its wonted applause.

MR. PORTER'S PICTURE AT THE LYCEUM

has been withdrawn from the public eye, in order to prepare for the exhibition of another by the same Artist, of which report "speaks goldenly." We do not feel ourselves at liberty, at the present juncture, to disclose the subject; but we know that a pleasing interest will be excited whenever we shall be empowered to withdraw the veil.

Cabinet

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT
19

Morning Dress for Sept.r 1801.

Afternoon Dress for Sept.r 1801.

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A cream-coloured chip bonnet, with a yellow handkerchief, the flowers and pips of the wreath also yellow. A plain buff muslin gown. A white muslin Spencer, with close collar trimmed with lace, but plain at the wrists. The gloves and shoes yellow.

2. A white hat, turned up before and behind with a blue and white feather and blue satin beads. A plain blue muslin gown: shoes and gloves of the same colour. A white muslin cloak, with two rows of lace-trimming on the neck; the rest plain.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

3. A spotted muslin cap, open on the crown; the trimming lace and yellow ribands. The dress yellow muslin, with an upper robe of white muslin trimmed and laced with black cord on the front and shoulders. The gloves and shoes yellow.

4. A hat of imperial chip, with white and blue feathers. The gown white, with an upper dress of blue sarcenet trimmed with silver, and open on the left side. A necklace of gold plates. The gloves white, and shoes blue.

School of Arts.

NO. XXXIV.

To make Elder Wine.

PICK half a hundred of Malaga raisins from the great stalks, and chop them; put to them ten gallons of water; let them stand fourteen days, stirring it two or three times a day: then press it off. To every gallon of this liquor put a pint of elder-berry juice; afterwards put it into

your vessel: it works itself. Do not stop it till it has done working, nor bung it close down till it has done hissing. When you tun it up, chop a handful or two coarsely of the great stalks, and throw them in.

To make Raisin Wine.

To every gallon of cold water put seven pounds of new raisins of the sun, just as you buy them, without picking, cutting, or bruising; stir them well every day; let them stand as long as the raisins will rise above the wine: when they fall, draw the liquor off, and press the raisins: put it up in your cask, and to twelve gallons put a quart of French brandy; let it stand at least six months, but nine or twelve will do much better. Bottle it for use.

To make Damascene Wine.

Take two pounds and a half of sugar to every gallon of water; boil and scum it for about two hours, and to every gallon of liquor put five pints of stoned damascenes; boil them till it is of a beautiful colour: then strain it through a sieve; let it work in an open vessel four days; pour off the lees, and then put it into the same vessel again, to finish the fermentation, and afterwards stop it close for six or eight months; and then, if it is clear, you may bottle it up. You may keep it a year or two in bottles.

An excellent Wine of Grapes.

Take ripe grapes gathered in a dry day, and put them into a press made for the purpose, with a fine canvas to contain the grapes; then press them gently, so as not to break the stones; strain the liquor well, and let it settle in a cask; then draw off the clear liquor with a siphon into a well-seasoned vessel: stop it close for forty-eight hours; then give it vent by a hole made with a gimblet in the thickest part of the vessel or cask, and put therein a peg which may be easily moved: in two days time stop it close up, and it will be fit for drinking in about a quarter of a year's time, and not fall far short of French wine in goodness. To season your cask or vessel, take scalding-hot water, put it into the vessel, and then dry it with a rag dipped in brimstone, and fix it in the cask with the bung or cork.

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

[By James Atkinson, Author of "Rodolph, a Poetical Romance."]

IN a snug rural cot at the foot of yon hill
Lives Delia, the toast of each amorous swain;
There I've heard, sadly pensive, the clack of a mill,
And the soft tinkling streamlet that waters the plain;
For the spot seem'd a Heaven where Delia had been;
There I sigh'd, and her name have I carv'd on a tree;
Yet Delia, so fair, might Horatio disdain,
Did she know how he loves, tho' of humble degree.

What swain could behold so enchanting a face,
And not feel, like Horatio, the transports of love?
When she trips o'er the lawn with such exquisite grace,
And her chantings resound thro' the echoing grove;
Then, elated with joy, I bound over the plain
With my pipe and my crook, who so happy as me?
Yet Delia, so fair, might Horatio disdain,
Did she know how he loves, tho' of humble degree.

In silence, ah! let me my passion control,
If her rank won't admit such affection as mine;
So pure, so sublime, it enlarges the soul,
And yet I must sigh, must unnotic'd repine.
But why should I sigh, and thus fondly complain?
She knows not her name was engraven by me;
Sure...Delia could never Horatio disdain,
He so ardently loves, tho' of humble degree.

SONNET TO LOVE.

[BY P. COURTIER.]

FOR ever must this heart with sorrow bleed,
Nor know one happy moment of repose?
Unguarded, follow where thy footsteps lead,
Plucking the thorn where fancy saw the rose?

See faithless Fortune on thy steps attend;
Why lure me to the soul-deceiving bait?
Since Hope denies one cheering gleam to lend,
And Disappointment guards th' Elysian gate.

Then cease to tempt me with thy syren strain,
To scenes that seem with ev'ry pleasure fraught;
For in that seeming pleasure lurks a pain,
And direst gall is mingled in the draught.

Deceiver! fiend! from me avert thy frown,
Nor thus relentless weigh my spirit down.

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

[BY G. DYER. *]

SWEET songstress! that unseen, unknown,
Dost strain thy little heaving breast,
Why dost thou wander still alone,
Wakeful, while other songsters rest?

* This and the following Ode are taken from a volume of Poems, just published by this Gentleman.

Oft

Oft have I linger'd in the grove,
Charm'd with thy soothing, melting song;
It told, or seem'd to tell, of love;
Nor was the night, tho' darksome, long.

"Yet, oh! sweet bird, why shun the light?
"Why warble still the lonesome lay?
"Those notes that soothe the brow of night
"Might wake the genial smile of day."

Thus have I cried, yet cried in vain;
And still the songstress of the grove
Warbled her unambitious strain
As if her only care was love.

But tho' she shunn'd my wistful sight,
So mildly, sweetly would she sing;
I deem her not the bird of night,
But hail the poet of the spring.

ODE

Written in Bedlam, on seeing a beautiful young Female Maniac.

[BY G. DYER.]

SWEET maid! when sickness pales that angel face,
Like the rude worm that riots on the rose,
While goodness in thy gentle bosom glows,
Can Beauty leave her dear accustom'd place?

No! still thy languid eye would beam a smile,
As near a cloud the sparkling sun-beams play,
Bright harbingers of more resplendent day,
Though the clear sun conceal himself awhile.

But, ah! if Melancholy's baleful wand
Hath its pale poppies o'er thy temples spread;
If moon-struck horrors haunt thy restless head,
All-hopeless Pity here shall take her stand:

Pity for thee shall spare her softest sigh;
For thou wert Pity's child---the friend of Misery.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

FIX'D in his worm-worn seat, from day to day,
Arm'd with the ensigns of his petty rule,
With age bent double, and with years grown gray,
Behold the sov'reign of the village school.

And yet, with judgment sound, behold him trace,
Amidst the incessant buzz that floats around,
The various merits of the infant race,
The various soils, the good or barren ground.

The human face, so sages tell us, shews,
(And to their laws what mortals can be blind?)
It indicates, as shrewd Lavater knows,
The never-varying index of the mind.

If this be true, then in *this face* we see
The London merchant worth a double plum;
In *that* (and spare it, oh! ye fatal Three),
The shrilly fife and battle-stirring drum.

In *these* strong lineaments we view the plough,
In *those* the forge, the anvil, and the file;
In *one* we find the hero's laurell'd brow,
In *t'other* mark the scholar's polish'd style.

Here stalks, with briefs and parchments cover'd o'er,
The future lawyer, full of quips and quirks;
There shines a second Hales, the sound divine,
The embryo author of some matchless works.

'Tis easy to discover in *this face*,
Without the aid, indeed, of second sight,
Another mighty Nimrod of the chace,
Of hounds and hunters bold the darling wight.

In *that* we trace, devoid of ev'ry art,
Of manners gentle and affections mild,
While with compassion throbs the feeling heart,
Of chilling penury the patient child.

On soils, or good or bad, man's lot is cast;
And each, with pleasure or with pain, we find
The part, whate'er it be, from first to last,
The part performs which Providence assign'd.

PITY'S

PITY'S TEAR.

WHAT falls so sweet on summer flow'rs
As soft, refreshing, tepid show'rs?
What bids the bud its sweets exhale,
Like ev'ning's mildly whisp'ring gale?
Yet sweeter, more delicious, far,
And brighter than the brightest star
Decking the intellectual sphere---
Is Pity's meek and balmy tear!

What bids Despair her arrows hide?
What checks Affliction's tort'ring tide?
What heals the wound of mental pain,
And soothes the fev'rish, throbbing brain?
What calms the rage of jealous pride,
And bids the rending pang subside?
Lulling to rest distrust and fear---
Soft Pity's kind and holy tear.

Yet not that Pity form'd to give
A pang, which bids affliction live;
Not Pity that can, taunting, shew
Superior pride untouch'd by woe:
Not Pity that, with haughty smile,
Consoles, and murders all the while;
But Pity which is form'd to prove
The bond of Faith---the test of Love. SAPPHO.

EXTRACT
FROM
MATILDA; or, THE WELSH COTTAGE:

An interesting Poetic Tale, just published.

**MATILDA feasted on a father's smiles,
Monrose but liv'd on her's. The gentle youth
Had mark'd each fond emotion of her soul
Rising in varied rapture to announce
A rescued parent; and, by Fancy led,
Whose flattering pencil heighten'd every teint
Of filial goodness, virtues ever new
Seem'd to declare perfection was their source.**

How

How could a man, whose susceptible heart
With worth and honour held such sacred ties,
Here rest unmov'd? Her unsuspecting breast
In all the charms of native innocence
Lay open to his view; again he bless'd
The day that led him to this seat of bliss---
That hail'd Matilda Empress of his heart.

Nor was Matilda's bosom sway'd alone
By filial tenderness; the ardent glow
Of youthful love that warm'd her tender frame,
Rais'd in her pliant inexperienc'd heart
A new and keen sensation; 'twas not pain,
Yet something far too restless to deserve
The name of pleasure; 'twas beyond the pow'r
Of her unstudied words to speak its name:
It felt a pleasing grief, a painful joy.
No formal speech prefac'd by timid glance,
And dictated by custom, had declar'd
Their bosom's pure affinity; but looks
Of fond affection, innocently bold,
Had painted with unerring eloquence
The heart's soft impulse---unresisted Love.

Whene'er he spake, or sang some plaintive air,
By Bertha oft requested---or rehears'd
Some sadly-pleasing tale, from infant years
By faithful mem'ry borne---Matilda's eye
Watch'd ev'ry action of the mournful theme,
And gave to woe a sympathizing tear;
Which with her lovely hand she'd wipe away,
Unwilling he should see the frequent gift;
Lest, fondly bent to spare the gentle pain,
He'd cease to please, intending to be kind.

Ah! vain attempt, to 'scape a lover's eye,
That reads with mildly penetrating glance
The gen'rous impulse of a feeling heart!

(Why check the tear? ah! why repress the sigh?
The noblest tributes of a thankful soul---
Best praise and purest gratitude to Heaven.
'Tis not, to weep at sorrow, that betrays,
As fools aver, a weakness of the mind;
To feel a brother's woe, to calm or share
His sorrow's burden, is man's duty here;
At humble distance, 'tis to copy Heaven:---
'Tis good to pity---Godlike to protect.

Let

Let Nature be our study; daily rise
In silent lessons to the heart of man
Examples of reciprocal support,
Of mutual need, and universal love.
Around the oak that rears it's lofty head
In splendid majesty, the ivy clings;
The shrub ne'er pilfers from his store of fame,
Or claims that homage due alone to him;
The forest's monarch yielding its support,
Thus best preserves its native dignity.)

Nor pass'd unseen their loves....Monrose appear'd
In Edward's eyes but as his younger self.
He saw him oft, while she attentive sat
With downcast eye, glance from the half-read page,
And, while with modest rapture fondly gazing,
Take ample payment for the gentle task.
Such purity of love, such mild respect,
Beam'd from his manly eye...He could not check
The youthful fire...he thought of Anne...and sigh'd!

TO FASHION.

EXHAUSTED midst thine eager train,
And sick of pleasure till 'tis pain,
Tell me when my weary feet,
Sad, explore some lone retreat;
If within the woody dell,
Where wild romance and stillness dwell,
Dare I rest my aching head,
And, leaning on my hermit bed,
Sweetly sleep the scorching day,
Or softly sigh my hours away?
When the dewy night draws on,
Shall I bless the setting sun;
Or, when his rising orb appears,
Greet him with repentant tears?

JOVANNA.

AN

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER

To her Infant at the Breast.

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion!
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of rash transgression,
Dear, tho' unwelcome to be born:

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heav'n, thy mother fain would dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.

And, hark! the voice of female glory,
And what is honour call'd on earth,
Warn me to hush thy fatal story,
And hide thy sad disastrous birth.

But, spite of these, my heart unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And, lest th' injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine, or for thy father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee...
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And tho' to rank and place a stranger,
Thy life an humble course must run;
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,
Which I too late have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd vallies,
Here may'st thou rest in safe content;
For Innocence may smile at Malice,
And thou, oh! thou, art innocent!

Here thine infant wants are giv'n,
Shelter and rest, and purest air,
And milk as pure...but, mercy, Heav'n!
My tears have dropt and mingled there!

SOLUTION

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Dew-drop.
- ----II.—Foot-pad.
-----III.—Bar-gains.

NEW CHARADES.

IN ages of yore, when the conq'rer retir'd
From victory's ensanguin'd plains,
My First was an emblem of state much admir'd,
Though no vestige at present remains:

Yet it was not a chaplet to bind on his brow,
Nor a garland of bays to entwine;
Nor was it the drum with its fam'd row dow dow,
Proclaiming a hero divine.

My Second's a spot where the diamond is found;
Again, 'tis a certain retreat
Where combustible matter is often times bound;
And my Whole is a colour complete.

CHARADE II.

MY First is found
Where drums beat round,
And trumpets form a clangour bold;
My Second lights,
In winter nights,
Within the candle's greasy mould.

My Whole's a town,
From London down,
Which is a county's head:
What is it, pray?
Now, reader, say,
And ponder whilst you read.

CHARADE

CHARADE III.

MY First's as prudish maidens tell;
My Second's seldom found;
My Whole's a flow'r with nought of smell,
And grows in marshy ground.

Correspondence, &c.

OUR Poetical *Correspondents accumulate so fast, as to render it impossible to give distinct notices respecting their productions; of which, such as are approved will be inserted* in their turn (*unless their being of a temporary nature should demand an earlier appearance*); *those which are not thought worth admission, will be* passed over in silence.

S. W. *will find an Answer to his Note in Vol. VI., p.* 420; *addressed to him as* A Constant Reader.

J. K. *in our next Number.*

The Series of Letters *mentioned by* Delius *shall meet with due attention; and the* Tale *that he alludes to (if sent by the* 7*th or* 8*th of next Month) will be welcome.*

A. M. G.'s *Letter would evidently be the opening of a controversy, into which we should not be justified in entering. If the fair Writer will favour us with any Communications of a more general, pleasing, or useful nature, we shall pay them proper respect.*

Mrs. P., Miss M., *and the rest of our Fair Contributors, are respectfully informed, that it is very desirable that their Communications should reach us by the* 8*th of the Month.*

We shall be glad to be favoured with a Specimen of the Articles which T. B. *informs us are at our service.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
3 49
OCT

The Hon.ble Mrs Damer.